...Our Boys and Girls...

EDITED BY AUNT BUSY.

This department is conducted solely in the interests of our girl and boy readers.

Aunt Busy is glad to hear any time from the nieces and nephews who read this page, and to give them all the advice and help in her power.

Write on one side of the paper only.

Do not have letters too long.

Original stories and verses will be gladly received and carefully edited.

The manuscripts of contributions not accepted will be returned.

Address all letters to Aunt Busy, Intermountain Catholic, Salt Lake City.

LETTERS AND ANSWERS.

Ogden, Utah, July 28th, 1907.

Dear Aunt Busy:—I thought I would write you a few lines to let you know that I just came from Evanston, Wyo. My name is Vernon Mordaunt. I have a horse and buggy. I like to live here. I go to the Catholic church. I am in the first communion class.

Your nephew,
VERNON MORDAUNT.

Aunt Busy is always pleased to hear from an Ogden nephew. She thinks the Ogden boys the brightest sort of fellows (excuse Aunt Busy's slang). Write soon again, Vernon. You have a fine name.

Ogden, Utah, July 28th, 1907.

Dear Aunt Busy:—I thought I would write you a few lines. I made my first communion the second of June. This is the first time I have written to you. It is very warm here. Father Cushnahan gave a picnic at Glenwood Park to all the children of the parish.

I will write again.

Your loving niece,
MARY MURPHY.

Aunt Busy always has a warm greeting for the Ogden nieces. Did you have a happy time on your picnic day? Write often, dear little girl, to Aunt Busy.

THE OPEN WINDOW.

"Elsie Durand? Oh, Elsie's just a sweet, pretty gay little butterfly. You can't expect girls like Elsie to do things—they're just made to be taken care of."

In one form or another that was the way people always described Elsie Durand. All her life she had been loved and shielded and cared for, and the result was so charming that the natural impulse was to keep on with a method productive of such pleasure to the eye.

Elsie herself was wholly contented and unquestioning; she took it for granted that the world which had been so kind to her would continue to shield her from hard things. She had heard it said many times that she was not made for them, and she supposed, without thinking much about it, that it really was so.

When Elsie was 18 she went to spend the winter with an uncle, a famous physician. Her uncle had two daughters about her age. They were pretty girls, almost as pretty as Elsie, but their knowledge of household matters and their plans for busy lives bewildered their cousin.

"What makes you when you don't have to?" she asked one day.

"Why, father wants us to. He says being a womanly woman is one of the greatest privileges in the world. And a womanly woman can't be an idle one," Nora explained.

"How queer!" Elsie exclaimed, but in her heart she was glad that she was not her uncle's daughter.

It was a day or two later that her uncle, from his office, called for Nora.

"Nora isn't here. Can I do anything?" Elsie asked.

The doctor hesitated a second, then, "Yes, you can do it. Come in," he said.

Elsie entered the office timidly. A woman was walking up and down and a child sobbing. Elsie hated to hear any one cry. The doctor, who had the boy on his knee, looked over him at the girl.

"Elsie," he said, "this little chap has a felon, and it must be lanced. His mother is too nervous to help. I want you to hold his hand. Don't be afraid. I'm giving you a chance to show how much of a woman you can be."

Elsie whitened to her lips, but the keen eyes compelled her. Without a word she held the child as the doctor directed. The next thing she knew her uncle's voice came to her from a great distance.

"Oh, I'm so ashamed!" she cried. But her uncle's eyes were smiling at her.

"Bravo, little girl. You didn't let go till it was over. Here, drink this, and you'll be all right." Then he added gravely, "I congratulate you upon being something more than a butterfly."

Elsie went dizzily upstairs, but there was a new look in her eyes. For the first time in her life she caught a glimpse of the beauty of service.—Youth's Companion.

WHERE THE SMILE CAME FROM.

"Well, grandma," said a little boy resting his elbows on the old lady's stuffed chair arm, "what have you been doing here at the window all day by yourself?"

"All I could," answered dear grandma, cheerily. "I have read a little, and prayed a good deal, and then looked out at the people. There's one little girl, Arthur, I have learned to watch for. She has sunny brown hair, her blue eyes have the same sunny look in them; and I wonder every day what makes her look so bright. Ah, there she comes now."

Arthur took his elbows off the stuffed arm and planted them on the window sill.

"That girl with the brown apron on?" he cried. "Why, I know that girl. That's Susie Moore, and she has a dreadful hard time, grandma."

"Has she?" said grandma. "Oh, little boy, wouldn't you give anything to know where she gets all that brightness from, then?"

"I'll ask her," said Arthur promptly, and to grandma's surprise he raised the window and called:

"Susie, O Susie, come up here a minute, grandma wants to see you!"

The blue eyes opened wide in surprise, but the little maid turned at once and came in.

"Grandma wants to know, Susie Moore," explained the boy, "what makes you look so bright all the time?"

"Why, I have to," said Susie. "You see papa's been ill a long while, and mamma is tired out with nursing, and baby's cross with her teeth, and if I didn't be bright, who would be?"

"Yes, yes, I see," said dear old grandma, putting her arm around this little streak of sunshine. "That's God's reason for things; they are, because somebody needs them. Smile on, little sun; there couldn't be a better reason for smiling than because it is dark at home."

The finest bread has the least bran; the purest honey the least wax; and the sincerest Christian, the least self-love.—Anne Bradstreet.

MASTER ROBIN.

"Why, what has happened?" asked Aunt Fannie as she came into the sitting-room, where a very rainy-day pair of twins stood looking out of the window.

"This is the very worst summer that ever happened," replied Charlie. "It just rains all the time."

"Yes, and we can't do anything," chimed in Carlotta.

The two children had been at grandma's for a week, and it really had rained almost all the time. The vacation days went so fast, and it was hard not to be able to go fishing, or after flowers, or even out in the woods.

Aunt Fannie thought a moment. "Wait until I get my knitting, and I will tell you about one summer that it did not rain."

The twins were soon perched on the arms of her chair, and the clouds were all gone from their bright, sunshiny faces.

Aunt Fanny was such a busy woman that it was a great treat when she could take time to tell stories. They often read a story in the paper that said "By Fannie Allen"—that, of course, meant Aunt Fannie, but that was not like having her really tell one, and she did tell the splendidest stories.

"Will this be a true one?" asked Charlie.

"Yes, every bit true."

"Oh, goody, goody!" exclaimed Carlotta. "That kind is best."

When they were settled Aunt Fannie began. "Once upon a time, but not a very long time ago, two robins came flying through the woods. They went first to one tree and then to another, and the way they flew about and chirped told every one that they were going housekeeping, and were looking for a place to build their home. After a good deal of hunting they found just the best place in the whole world—an old maple tree where the branches were so thick one could scarcely see through the leaves.

"They went right to work, and for several days were busy carrying twigs, grasses, thread and many other things to weave into their home. At last it was finished, and they moved into it.

"It must have been their first housekeeping, for Father Redbreast was so happy he sang all the time. One morning it seemed as though he would split his little throat he was so full of joy. He seemed to have a new song. Over and over he sang:

"'Twee, twee, come and see
My beautiful nest and blue eggs three.'

"Had you peeped into the nest you would have found it was all true. There, sure enough, were the three blue eggs. For several weeks Mother Redbreast spent all her time taking care of the eggs and keeping them warm.

"After a time Father Redbreast began to look very important and puff up his feathers as though he was most too proud to fly like other birds. So no one was much surprised one day when a baby robin held its bill over the edge of the nest for his dinner."

"Where were the others?" asked Carlotta. "There were three eggs."

"No one knows what happened to the other eggs for there was but one baby bird. Having just one little baby, Father and Mother Redbreast were very careful to teach him everything that a little robin should know, and young Robin was such a smart little fellow that long before the summer was over he really seemed to know as much as they did.

"Did I say as much? That was a mistake. There were one or two things that he had not learned. Again and again Father Redbreast showed him how to keep his feathers all smooth and tight, so as to make a cravenette when it rained, and how to ruffle them up when he wanted to take a bath and feel the cool water on his little hot body. Then, too, Mother Redbreast walked about in the grass and told him how delightfully cool and refreshing it was to bathe his feet in the dew in the early morning.

"Robin listened to all this very respectfully, but sometimes he almost wondered if it was a fairy story. Not once had he felt the cool dew, or the raindrops beating against his feathers and trying to get under, and in his short life he had not had a chance to even take a bath.

"All that long hot summer there had not been any rain or dew. The springs had dried up, and it was all the birds could do to find a drink. Sometimes they would have been very thirsty had it not been for the berries.

"Just on the other side of the forest lived Charles and George Frost. Every evening a beautiful shower kept the grass in their yard fresh and green.

"One morning, just as Robin was starting for his moring fly, Charles' mother said: 'It is so very warm I believe we will turn the water on the front lawn this morning.'

"The hose was taken out, the sprinkler set on the lawn. Then the water was turned on, and a delightful spray gave a fresh drink to everything.

"Master Robin often visited this yard, for the apples on the big tree were fine. This morning, indeed, he had started out with an apple lunch in mind. As he flew out of the woods such a strange sight met him. He was so surprised that he forgot to use his wings, and he almost fell to the ground. Was it? Could it be? Yes, it surely must be a shower. But how strange! It was like his father had said it would be, and yet it was not what he expected.

"He quickly decided that he would try it anyway. Down he flew. How cool the damp grass was, but he could not stop for that.

"The boys looking from the window saw him hop into the spray. For a moment or two he had just the best time of his life. Then something happened. He stopped, tipped his head on one side as though he was thinking, flew out just as fast as he could go, scarcely stopping to shake the water off as he went.

"Back he flew to the woods, and then—what was he doing? Instead of going straight home, he stopped first at one tree, then at another, talking apparently for a few moments with the birds in each. As soon as he left the birds would come out and fly away. A few moments later Charlie, looking out of the window, called: 'Mamma, mamma come and see!'

"From every direction the birds were coming for a bath. Charlie counted over a hundred, then he exclaimed: 'Why, mamma, the first robin must have been a messenger boy and told all the others.'"

"Did he, Aunt Fannie, did he?" exclaimed Charlie, almost tumbling off the arms of the chair.

"Yes," said Aunt Fannie, "that was just what he was doing, when he stopped first at one tree and then at another.

"When he felt the cool water and was having such a good time, he happened to think about Father and Mother Redbreast and flew out in a hurry to tell them."

"Couldn't he find them?" asker Carlotta. "Was that why he went to so many trees?"

"No," said Aunt Fannie, "he knew where they were, but he was so happy he wanted all the birds to find his shower.

"But something else happened. The next day the Frost boys put the hose out at just the same time and then went into the house to watch. Pretty soon Master Robin and Father and Mother Redbreast came flying out of the woods. Then another bird and another, till the spray seemed just full of them. Every day while the dry weather lasted the ribins came for their bath, and each time they found the shower waiting for them."

"I guess they were all glad the little robin was such a good messenger boy," said Charlie, with a long breath, as he slipped down from the arm of the chair, while Carlotta threw her arms around Aunt Fannie, exclaiming: "Why, Aunt Fannie, your story made the sun come out, see! see!"

"I wonder," said Aunt Fannie, "if the robin carried that message, too."

Religion Investigated.

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to Christ from whom she received the faith and her commission to teach, yet she corrupted that faith. Therefore she is not and could not be the church of Christ. The charge, if sustained by proof, is good. But how prove the charge? The mere assertion of those who allege that such was the case, amounts to nothing for we have the word of the church to the contrary, and that is entitled to as much weight as theirs. At best her accusers are fallible, therefore liable to err, at worst the church is fallible therefore her word is as good as theirs, and before she can be dispossessed from her time-honored position we require something more conclusive than mere assertions or unproveable allegations.

They next claim the right of appealing to the Scriptures and trying to prove from them that Christ founded no church. Hence the claims of the Catholic church are void. To this charge the Catholic church objects on principle, because she existed long before the first line of the New Testament was written, and there is no proof for the inspiration of the Scriptures outside of her infallible testimony and decrees. But even admitting the Scriptures there is not a single text that can be adduced to prove that Christ founded no church. On the contrary there are many that prove he did. Here we are politely told that the Catholic church does not understand the meaning of the Scriptures. A very serious charge, but how know they that? Are they themselves infallible interpreters? If so they refute themselves, for they can be infallible only on condition that they received from God authority to teach, and would therefore be his church. But this fact they deny, alleging it as one of the false claims of the Catholic church. If they are not infallible they must be fallible, therefore as liable to make a mistake as the Catholic church, which at the very worst, is as good as they are at their very best. Then their interpretation is not enough to set aside her interpretation for she is, on their own principle, as likely to be right as they are. In religious controversy the Sacred Scriptures privately interpreted cannot be adduced as an independent authority for they only say what people make them say. This privilege granted by the Reformers, at least nominally, when they were divorced from the Catholic church, has led to the contradictory doctrines, and inconsistencies of too much religion and no religion to be found in the world today.

From the beginning of the world the imperishable church of God has been encompassed with heresy and false prophets. Through the synagogue back to Paradise the true faith and worship of God may be traced. From Christ and his apostles it comes down to the present through the Catholic church which he founded and commissioned to teach in his name and by his authority. Like a large ship at sea, directed by the best mariners' skill, and steered according to the most approved mariner's compass which passes a thousand small crafts that have no compass to steer and the winds of heaven for their speed, she—the Catholic church—sails down the ocean of time, manned and directed by the Spirit of Truth, leaving behind her those sects who tried to divert her course from the true path that leads to heaven.

Like the synagogue, you have the hireling and he that is not the shepherd, as the gospel expresses it, but if the Catholic church precedes all these, dropped them because of their novel doctrines, whence their authority to preach? "How can they preach unless they are sent?" The Catholic church did not consecrate their bishops, and she alone after Christ and his apostles, had power to do so, for to her and her alone did Christ say: "All power is given to me in heaven and in earth. Going therefore teach all nations." They are then without a commission, therefore without any divine authority and for man to submit to the teachings of a church that has no credentials, or to accept its creed without being reasonably certain that it is divine is slavery or blind fanaticism. F. D.

Church Fosters Science.

(Continued from Page 1.)

teenth century than Galileo on Catholic Italy. Kepler it was who, by his great discovery of the elliptical form of the planetary orbits, was led to establish those laws in astronomy known by his name, which first settled the truth of the Copernican system on an immovable basis, purifying it as he did from the erroneous hypothesis of the circular orbits, its great author had still left adhering to it. For doing this, Bailli, in his Historie de l'Astronomie Moderne, calls Kepler "one of the greatest men that ever appeared on the earth," and "the true founder of Modern Astronomy."

When he wrote his celebrated work, whose lengthy title begins with the words, "Prodromus Dissertationum Cosmographicarum," etcc., in which he undertook by argument to demonstrate the truth of the Copernican system not less reprobated at that time by the Protestants of Germany and England than by the Catholics of Italy, he had to lay it before the Academical Senate of Tubingen for their approbation, without which, in the regular course of things, it could not be printed. The unanimous decision of the Divines comprising this senate was that Kepler's book contained a deadly heresy, because it contradicted the teaching of the Bible in that Passage where Joshua commands the sun to stand still. To this Kepler replied "tthat, as the Bible addressed itself to mankind, in general, it spoke of things in the life of the men as men in general are accustomed to speak of them; that the Bible was in no respect a Manual of Optics or Astronomy, but had much higher objects in view; that it was a blamable abuse to seek in it for answers to worldly things; that Joshua had wished to have the day prolonged and God had responded to his wish; how this had happened was not a subject for inquiry. Such an answer as this might at least have been expected to make an impression on a body of theologians, whose religious creed was the right of every man to explain the Bible for himself. So far from this, they repeated their condemnation with more acerbity than before, and had not the Duke of Wurtemburg, who was personally attached to Kepler, interposed in his behalf, he would inevitably have been subjected to a persecution far more rigorous than anything Galileo underwent. As it was, the vexations with which his clerical opponents contrived to embitter his existence on account of his opinions in spite of the Duke's protection, were such as occasioned him to write in despair to his friend Mastlin, "that he held it for the best to imitate the disciples of Pythagoras, and keep silence on the discoveries he had made, lest, like Apian, he should lose his situation, and be doomed to die of hunger." The upshot was that he quitted Wurtemburg, and fled for refuge—whither?—to the Jesuits of Gratz and Ingoldstadt! who, staunch Protestant as he was to the last, honored his great talents, and received him with open arms because of the services he had rendered to science. Eventually, on the death of Tycho Brahe, he received the appointment of Court Astronomer to the Emperor Rudolph II., at Prague. I am, very truly yours, R. RABY.

Munich, Saturday in Holy Week, 1853.